



BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: \$1.50 per annum, in Advance. Vol. LXII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1894. No. 47.

Maine Farmer.

Chicago is to have a Fat Stock Show again this year, to be held under the auspices of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture. The date is to be Nov. 22d to Dec. 1st.

The *Leicester Journal*, much to its credit, has had frequent criticism of the many gambling devices allowed to carry on their work in that city during the State Fair. It is to the credit of the State Fair management, we are glad to say, that all such work was down town.

The editor of the *Farmer* acknowledges the compliment of an appointment as honorary member of the fourteenth annual session of the Farmers' National Congress, to be held at Parkersburg, West Va., Oct. 3d to 6th, 1894.

Potatoes are rotting badly throughout the central part of the State. The rot appears in the field before they are dug, and follows after stored in cellar. We hear of many cases where half or more of the crop has already been lost. We shall thus have a chance to learn whether the Bordeaux mixture has proved a saving agency.

The Guernseys seem to be a coming breed in the dairy sections of this State. Three new herds have been recently started, one by A. Rose & Son, Greene, another by G. M. Stewart, Clinton, and the third by Geo. Foster of Cornville. They have all started with good animals. The merit of these herds as butter producers will be watched with much interest.

The New England Fair, we regret to have to note, was not this year a success financially. Although the exhibition was grandly complete, yet the attendance was comparatively light. No doubt the depression in business was the cause of this. Many of the laboring class of the people are obliged to curtail expenses. In view of results at that exhibition the Maine State has reason for gratification over its success.

It is not to be imagined that thought can take the place of work. The most careful plans will be of no avail without persistent effort to develop them. But when joined to industry, thought is a most efficient instrument. Farming needs careful study, but it cannot be carried on by the intellect alone. There must be work of the hands as well as work of the mind. But it is unquestionably true, that when guided by careful thought, the degree of success which is possible for the toil of the hands to secure, is wonderfully increased.

THE PORK PROSPECT.

Our market reports have shown a steady rise in Boston market for fat hogs for several weeks in succession. The local markets of the State have not kept even pace with this rise, and as a consequence there have been considerable shipments of live hogs to Boston.

It may be risky to give advice that has to do with the future, but we are going to say at this time—don't sell just now, at least unless there is a further substantial advance. Wait a few days, meanwhile watching closely our market reports, both Boston and Chicago. We know the meat being fed to hogs is high, but the pork at seven and a half to eight cents a pound will pay the cost of feed, so there can be no loss in the feeding a few days longer.

There is no question but the hog crop of the West is decidedly short. Every authority conceded this, and the hog reports at Chicago prove it. The *Chicago Breeders' Gazette* says that it looks as if the packers had more provisions than they can get hogs to fill. With corn at sixty cents at Chicago this product will be sold rather than fed, so that the reports of hogs are not likely to increase. If corn, then, continues high, all pork products must rise in price. By holding our hogs, then, there can be no loss, at least for a short time, while there is a probable chance that there may be a substantial rise.

MAINE JERSEYS.

It is worthy of note that the butter fat prices at the State Fair all went to the Maine State Herd Book Jerseys, and their high grades, a fact that corroborates the statement of the *Farmer*, made a few weeks ago, that these Maine Jerseys have been bred for business rather than for show. Even the second place for greatest quantity of milk in one day at the fair, was won by one of these Maine State bred cows. These great, noble cows are truly the dairyman's cow par excellence. The judge who scored the Jerseys at Lewiston was heard to remark that the Maine State Register Jerseys were defective in their heads, and did not carry that delicate countenance and fine dishing face of the Cattle Club stock. Without questioning the judge's claim, it is the full full of five percent milk, rather than the regulation face, that puts the dollars in the dairyman's pocket, and two and a half pounds of butter in a day at the fair scores more with them than any of the merely fancy points that have no relation to productive powers.

AMERICAN COMPETITION WITH GERMAN FARMING.

A representative of the German government, Mr. Conrad, was sent to the Chicago Fair, and while here was commissioned to make a study of American farming, and of the country's capacity for the continued exportation of certain farm products. Recently he has given a lecture embodying the results of his observations in this country. A brief extract will be of interest whether one agrees in full with his conclusions or not.

Mr. Conrad first treated of the question whether there is ground for the fear now very prevalent in Germany among the farmers, that American competition in wheat will continue and even increase in the markets of Europe. He expressed the opinion that the competition is only temporary, and will lessen and perhaps entirely cease in the course of a few decades, the reason being that almost all land in the United States adapted to wheat culture is already planted with that grain. The rapidly increasing population of the country also makes even greater demands on the supply, reducing year by year the quantity remaining for transportation. Should the Americans, however, commence to raise rye instead of wheat, and overwhelm the European market therewith, a serious competition might arise for German agriculture.

DAIRY PRODUCTS, ETC.

With respect to butter and cheese, Conrad's opinion is, that the former is in such great demand in the United States that there is no danger of its entering into competition with the German article. With cheese it is different, as more is produced than is consumed in the country. The surplus until now has been principally taken by England, and over the last few years the demand has been much of a competitor in the German market.

With regard to meat, Mr. Conrad thinks that it will become a formidable competitor in a few years in the German market with home meats. The method of breeding cattle is different in the United States from that in vogue in Germany. The Americans are much ahead. At the Chicago Fair, Mr. Conrad saw 1500 head of cattle exhibited, concerning the unanimous verdict was that there was not a single district in all Germany that could show cattle to compare with them.

AMERICANS MORE PRACTICAL.

In the matter of farming, the Germans have not much to learn from the Americans, in Mr. Conrad's opinion. The most they have to learn is in the use of machinery, which is much more intelligently employed than in Germany, and of a much lighter character. Mr. Conrad praises the American agricultural experiment stations very highly, and says they are useful in every sense of the word; that the ambition of those connected with them is to obtain practical results, while in Germany the great aim is to reach scientific conclusions. In Germany the experiment stations are generally in cities.

A CHANCE FOR AMERICAN MEAT.

What Mr. Conrad says in respect to American meat and cattle would seem to be worthy of the serious attention of our stock raisers and meat exporters, and a systematic and prolonged effort might be advantageously made to acquire an extensive market in Germany for our beef and pork.

The reports made by some of our consuls in 1888 and 1889, that American meat, American cattle are raised on wide tracts of land, where they have fresh air and freedom and plenty to eat, while the cattle in some parts of Germany are fed a good deal on the refuse from distilleries. I have been told by tanners this distillery food fattens or bloats the cattle, but it makes their hides poor.

THE DROUTH IN IOWA.

The State of Iowa was the center of the severity of the parching drouth that has visited a wide breadth of country in the great interior. No doubt vast damage has been experienced in the reduction of crops over the parched section. But representations of disasters of this nature are apt to be over-colored, and that is no doubt true. The drouth is now broken, and as showing the actual situation, we copy from a letter published in the *Chicago Herald*, written by a resident of that State, David W. Norris of Grinnell:

"The country around Grinnell, stretching from Oskaloosa to Marshalltown, is as bad as any in Iowa. In no part of the State did crops suffer more. Some of our farmers, it is true, wear long faces, but they are not destitute by a long shot. They will meet all their obligations just as promptly as ever, for if they have not much to sell, they can borrow at the banks all the money they want, and many of them have money to lend. We have very few cornfields around Grinnell that will yield less than ten bushels; most of them will go twenty, and many of them thirty and thirty-five. There are a few fields—timothy sod—that will not show an ear; but these same fields will yield two and a half tons of rich fodder to every acre, and cattlemen are paying \$5 and \$6 an acre in shock; the better cornfields are selling in shock from \$8 to \$10 an acre. This certainly beats nothing. Our oat straw is bright and sweet and very abundant, and almost as good feed as hay. Our oats run out from twenty to

PISCATAQUIS FAIR AND ITS AGRICULTURE.

The Piscataquis Central Agricultural Society opened its annual show and fair at Foxcroft, Wednesday the 19th, to continue two days. This society is centrally located in one of the best farming sections of the State, but its annual fairs heretofore have not received that encouragement and that patronage of the people of the county as its highest success called for its treasury needed. As a result its work went hard and the scope of its influence, was necessarily limited. This year it started out with a new deal, determined to enlarge its influence, if well directed effort and modern methods could do it. A new board of officers throughout was selected, with Thomas Daggett, Esq., a well known, energetic and progressive farmer as President, E. L. Sturtevant, Esq., Secretary, and a board of managers made up of some of the most energetic and influential farmers in the county. No labor was spared in preparing for and advertising the exhibition.

The stock show, trotting, &c., was held at the Park, while the hall exhibition was held in the new and elegant Opera Hall in the village. The latest approved method of awarding prizes was adopted. Expert judges from outside the limits of the society were employed in all of the principal departments, and the use of the score card adopted. Z. A. Gilbert, the editor of the *Farmer*, was secured as judge of dairy stock, dairy products and fruit, and Dr. G. H. Bailey of Portland for the horse department.

An unusual and what proved a very pleasant and entertaining feature, was an arrangement for an evening's intellectual entertainment in connection with the exhibition at the hall, and filling a portion of the time. A portion of the main floor, together with the gallery, was reserved for seating room. At eight o'clock President Daggett invited the visitors to be seated, and listen to a programme made up of music by "The Farmer's Quartette," recitations by several talented young ladies of the twin villages, a twenty minutes' paper by the editor of the *Farmer*, on the "Agriculture of Piscataquis County," and a brief address by Prof. W. W. Stetson, Lecturer of the State Grange. This proved a pleasant feature that all present seemed to greatly enjoy.

The first day at the park was given to the exhibition of cattle, sheep, swine and poultry, followed in the afternoon by the usual races on the track. The cattle shown were mostly dairy stock, some half dozen pairs of oxen only being shown. The county is making rapid strides in the business of dairying, of which we shall have more to say at another time, and like the intelligent farmers they are, have gone to work withal to improve their dairy stock.

To our surprise we found in the pens some of the Jersey cows we have in the State. Foundation stock for the starting of herds has been drawn from many of the best and most noted herds in the State. We purpose to know what is going on in the State in stock lines, but so quietly and unostentatiously have these Piscataquis farmers been introducing this stock and improving their herds that we were entirely unaware of what was going on. Four aged bulls of the breed were in the ring for honors, an array in that class that has not been seen in the State elsewhere this autumn, and all of the most fashionable as well as valuable pedigrees found in the breed. Hereafter these farmers ought to turn out this stock to the State fair and let people know how well they are doing. And even the Guernseys have caught their attention, and Mr. A. W. Gilman, Foxcroft, has just bought a young bull of this popular breed from N. P. Haskell, New Gloucester, which he showed at the fair. This is the kind of stuff that progress comes from. These pure bred animals were all scored by the judge and a copy of the scale given to the owner of each animal. Much interest was shown in this method of making awards, and the system and the work met the entire approval of all judges of stock present. All hands pronounced it a step long in advance of the old careless and indifferent method of committee work formerly in vogue.

The bulls referred to were close together in their rank on the score card, and the owner of the one that stood fourth in a prize, need not by any means conclude he had an inferior animal. The ownership and the rank were in the order as follows:

C. C. Nichols, Foxcroft, proprietor of Riverside Creamery; Thomas Daggett, Brook Farm Creamery; Foxcroft; and W. E. Leland, Sangerville. The men above named, together with C. C. Dunham and S. Greeley, have started herds of Jersey stock.

An important feature of the stock show was the competition for the Society's prizes for best herd of five cows, Jerseys or their grades, and cows for milk. There were four entries for the first class by Thomas Daggett, J. P. Leland, two herds, and C. C. Dunham. These were all choice butter herds and in fine condition. Milk herds—two of

THEY WERE FEEDING THE COWS ON, AND THE ANSWER WAS, SWEET CORN COBS FROM THE CANNING FACTORY.

There were two lots of factory cheese, one from the long standing Sangerville factory, the cheese made by the same maker who has done the work ever since the factory was started, and who, at least, for many years, has not been known to make a cheese but was A. 1.

The other was a table of cheese from the Riverside factory, some twenty in number, and of four different months' make. We never saw a finer table of cheese at a fair, and a free use of the trifier proved the quality as smooth and even as the looks were uniform and attractive. We shall say more of this factory and its product later. There was also several lots of domestic cheese of fine quality.

Fruit.

Three large collections of fruit from five different exhibitors, and withal made an attractive show in the hall, and gave a good idea of the orchard products of the county. We cannot omit the opportunity to say that in most cases the exhibits could have been greatly improved by more careful selection of samples, and also by more critical attention to arrangement. This, however, did not apply to all of the collections. But bruised, wormy and imperfect samples have no place on exhibition tables, while the appearance will be much more attractive with the different varieties neatly and methodically arranged. The noted orchardist, H. L. Leland, had a collection of 40 varieties, all standard sorts; Miss Grace Daggett, 50 named varieties; C. C. Dunham, a choice collection of 30 sorts; also two other large collections, the names of whose owners we do not have.

There were fine plates shown of that justly noted Piscataquis native, the Rolfe; also fine samples of Somerset, a kind that seems to be at home in this section. Another important fact in this connection is that the finest Nodheads grown in the State are found in this northern border of successful fruit growing, large, smooth, and free from those imperfections found in the more southern counties. So long as the locality can beat the State with Nodheads and the Rolfe, they need not trouble about other sorts for the market.

There were exhibits of canned vegetables, fruit, pickles, bread, honey, &c., deserving of notice, but our space is full, and they must be passed by.

Thursday morning, the second day of the fair, opened with a flood of rain, staying all further proceedings for the day. As other duties did not allow us to remain over, we were obliged to leave before the close, and are thus prevented from making any notes on the closing day.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.
JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

BY C. S. A.

"Never as much pleasure and sporting company at Rangely and the lake country as this year." It will be remembered that the narrow gauge railroad has been extended to Rangely. This Franklin county is the "sportsman's paradise." Marble's big house, the "Rangely Hotel," is full to overflowing.

"Never so much hay in the Rangely settlement as this year," so says Luther Nile, who has cut nearly 400 tons. Grain not quite as good as in some former years. Mr. Nile's crop of grain, wheat, oats, barley and mixed grain is from 800 to 1000 bushels. His stock is about 90 head of cattle, 300 sheep, and twelve horses. He has one fine business horse that weighs about 1500 pounds, raised by C. F. Quimby, and put to work in the team on the road machine, etc., when three years old, sired by the Percheron stallion formerly owned by J. R. Toothaker.

Mr. Toothaker is among the largest farmers in town, hay and grain being his principal crops. He has of late years raised quite a number of colts. Those from the Percheron stallion weighing from 1200 to 1400 pounds at maturity—just what he has to have in his lumbering operations. He has also raised some nice carriage horses from the stallion Patchenter high up in trotting blood brought into the county by S. W. Parlin of the breeder which he now owns. He last spring sold a pair of matched road horses to New York parties for \$500 and has other promising ones which he works more or less on W. T. Hoar's half mile track at Rangely village.

D. Hoar, Jr., has a nice productive farm and a nice set of farm buildings. The barn, with the addition of this season, being something more than 100 feet in length. He has this season twenty acres of grain which he expects will average about 40 bushel to the acre. He has a fine pair of matched colts sired by the Toothaker Percheron that weighs about 1400. His sheep, thirty-five in number, average this year in early lambs and wool (?) a little better than \$4 a head.

W. T. Hoar keeps one or two good blooded brood mares and has made a success of breeding and developing good

For the Maine Farmer.

NAPLES GRANGE.
BY H. F. C.

After our summer vacation, Naples Grange has begun work in earnest. We held the first session with Bro. Geo. W. Lamb and wife, Sept. 1st, which was well attended and much enjoyed. As we are a small Grange, and have no hall, we have made our home with Bro. Albion Chaplin for four years. Voted to make his home our headquarters still. Also voted to try visiting the brothers at their respective homes. After business was over the doors were opened and all met together, and with music and conversation time passed so pleasantly that it was almost Sunday ere we were aware. Worthy Master G. A. Glover and wife cordially invited us to hold the next regular meeting with them, and as an extra inducement promised us grapes, as though we needed anything more than just leave to enter that Paradise of Eden. Well, Saturday evening, at the end of two weeks, as we meet the 1st and 3d Saturday evenings of each month, found a goodly company at Worthy Master Glover's, with Worthy Deputy A. P. Ayer and wife in their midst, with representatives from Windham Centre, Raymond, Sebago and Westbrook, which made it seem like a Pomona, especially as after the business was over outside friends were invited in, and kind words of encouragement were offered, and those promised grapes, with melons included, in abundance were set before the guests. A truly Pomona feast, fit for the gods. You may be sure we poor fallen mortals enjoyed ourselves, and the really long road home did not seem so very long. Long live Brother and Sister Glover. The next meeting will be with Sister M. D. Hazelton, first Saturday in October.

Naples, Sept. 16.

The total cost of exporting cattle to Great Britain from Chicago at present is about \$22 per head, made up as follows: Railroad charges to the sea, \$3.64; expenses en route from Chicago, \$1; ropes, buckets, etc., 15 cents; feed for ocean voyage, \$3; attendance, 75 cents; insurance, \$1; ocean freight, 10.90; sales man's commission, \$1.25.

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Woman's Department.

THE CHILDREN.

Only to keep them so,
Soft, warm and young;
The wee, feeble fingers,
The babbling tongue,
Tears that we kiss away,
Smiles that we win;
Careless of knowledge,
As guiltless of sin.

Only to keep them so,
Frank, true and pure;
Of our full wisdom
So lovingly sure,
Our frown all they shrink from,
Our fiat their law;
Our store, whence all gladness
They fearlessly draw.

Only to keep them so,
Sweet hands that cling,
Sweet lips that laugh for us,
Sweet tones that ring;
Curbs that we train to wave,
Feet that we guide,
Each fresh step a wonder,
Each new word a pride.

Only to keep them so!
Women and men
Are the times that circled us,
Lovingly then,
Gentle and good to us,
Patient and strong,
Guarding our weaknesses,
Bearing us long.

Tenderly mocking us,
Old thoughts and ways,
That scarcely keep measure
With life's rapid days.
Good to us—waiting,
Our sunset shows fair!
But, only to have them so,
Just as they were!

EFFECT OF WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

Our girls are educated to the same colleges, study the same books, go through the same curriculum, and pass the final examinations, graduating with as much honor as their brothers. It is true many of them stop there, drift aimlessly about for awhile in the circles of society, make a brilliant marriage, perhaps, and then settle quietly into fashionable nonentities. Many more, however, with more mental stamina, energy and ambition, strive to keep on progressing, and seek to make at least one small corner of the great world brighter and better for their being in it.

Blessings on them! It is they who are needed now and will be needed in the future which will bring us the largest power we covet.

Do those who ridicule and seek to put down our hopes and ambitions think that because a woman is educated, because she understands the law of nature, of science and of art, and the political workings of government, she will make a less efficient wife and mother? Do they think that because of her education she will neglect her womanly duties?

Indeed she will not. Her education will only have made her more capable more fitted for her duties, for cheering and caring for and encouraging her husband in his life work, and in forming and training the characters of her children, that when they go forth into the world it will be only to battle for the true and the right. If it does not do this she is not a true woman.

Education can never take a woman from her womanly instincts, or rob her of her wifely and motherly love. It expands, instead of contracting, every faculty, and when all womanly understanding and advantage of this, then will the time be not far distant when we shall be able to exert a most powerful influence for the better in the administration of the government of our fair land. It will not be necessary then for us to raise an unceasing clamor for our "rights," but instead, our cultured intellectual worth will make itself known and felt, and realizing that our wise as well as softening presence is needed in legislative and congressional halls, men will accord to equal privileges with themselves, and extend willing hands to assist us in taking the last step to the front.

SPEECH FROM THE SOUL.

While the correct use of language should be the aim and study of the young, it is neither just nor wise to judge the character of the people one meets by the quality of their syntax. But I have written my thought of all this before, and only refer to it here to introduce this extract from Dr. Talmage's pen:

"Suppose a man in middle life finds himself without education, what is he to do? Do the best he can. The most effective layman in a former pastoral charge that I ever heard speak on religious themes could, within five minutes of exhortation, break all the laws of English grammar, and if he left any law unfractured he would complete the work of linguistic devastation in the prayer with which he followed it. But I would rather have him pray for me if I were sick or in trouble than any Christian man I knew of, and in that church all the people preferred him in exhortation and prayer to all others. Why? Because he was so thoroughly pious and had such power with God he was irresistible; and as he went on in his prayer sinners repented and saints shouted for joy, and the bereaved seemed to get back their dead in celestial companionship. And when he had stopped praying, and as soon as I could wipe out of my eyes eager tears to see the closing hymn, I ended the meeting, fearful that some long-winded prayer-meeting bore would pull us down from the seventh heaven.

"Not a word have I to say against accuracy of speech, or fine elocution, or high mental culture. Get all these you can. But I do say to those who have brought up in the day of poor school-houses and ignorant schoolmasters, and no opportunity, you may have so much of good in your soul, so much of Heaven in your everyday life, that you will be mightier for good than any one who went through the curriculum of Harvard or Yale or Oxford, yet never graduated in the school of Christ."

DO GOOD NOW.

The following sentiment, with which we have been familiar for years, but the origin of which is unknown to us, we reprint by request. It is worthy to be kept in constant remembrance, and if put in general practice, would wonderfully brighten the oftentimes dark and gloomy pathway of many a human being. Read, paste it in your scrap-book for reference, and—what is more essential—engrave it upon your heart for practice:

"Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If any friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I had rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdensome spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way."

TESTED RECIPES.

COOKIES. Here is a receipt for cookies that are simple and economical, and are very much appreciated by children: Take nine tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and four of butter, and cream them well together. Add four well beaten eggs, one cup milk, a little grated nutmeg, one ounce of caraway seeds, or if preferred, one cup of currants, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and enough flour to make a dough that will roll out easily. Cut out with a round biscuit cutter, and bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes. This quantity will make about fifty cookies. Keep in a tin.

BAKED HADDOCK. Take a medium sized haddock, and after it has been cleaned and scraped, wipe it dry with a soft cloth. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, a pinch of thyme, salt and pepper, a small onion chopped fine, and a lump of butter size of a walnut. After the fish has been filled and sewed up, cover it with cracker dust, salt it in the pan, sprinkle pepper and salt on it, and lay slices of firm fat salt pork all over it. Bake in a rather quick oven and bake frequently.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS. To scallop oysters, get two quarts of fresh oysters, and then butter an earthen baking dish well. Sprinkle the bottom a layer of cracker crumbs, then put in a layer of oysters with some of their liquor, then a layer of crumbs, repeating this process till the dish is filled; then season with pepper, salt, and a little powdered cloves and nutmeg; pour as much cream over as the dish will hold, put a few lumps of butter on top, stand in a quick oven and bake until a rich brown. Serve hot or cold, according to taste, with pieces of cracker plates.

CHICKEN SALAD. To make a nice salad, select a tender fowl, not very fat, and be sure that it is dry picked. Singe off the hairs over a little powdered charcoal, and then wash it with cold water, and season with a little salt. Stand it on the stove, and just when the steam begins to rise, skim it all off carefully and let the fowl boil till tender. Take it out of the kettle and set it in a cold place. When cold remove the skin and fat, cut the meat from the bones and then cut in dice about half an inch square, then put the meat in an earthen dish and season well with salt, pepper, oil, capers and a little chow chow dressing. Now cut up some nice crisp celery in pieces about half an inch long; mix this lightly with the chicken dice and put in a salad bowl, rounding the top in a mound in the center. Cover with a stiff mayonnaise, and dress with hard boiled eggs cut in quarters, slices of lemon, stoned olives, and small, crisp lettuce leaves for a border. Serve as soon as dressed.

TOLD BY THEIR DRESS.

The Women of Different Nationalities Easily Distinguished.

You can tell at a glance the French woman from the American, the latter from the English woman, and yet says the Paris-New York Herald, each woman is a perfect type.

The well-dressed Frenchwoman wears a very large hat or exquisite toque; her chignon blouse has short sleeves, and is made with turndown collar; her gloves are very long, reaching far above the elbow, and, although white, are perfectly clean and fresh.

She has a waist at which she sacrifices, she wears a white veil, which she never puts on, under her hat, and when she walks, which is seldom, it is on the tips of her toes.

The well-dressed English woman wears in the morning a man's colored shirt, with white collar, a man's necktie, a tailor-made white drill or holland jacket and skirt, a very neat hat with flowers, and with plastered over the face to keep the fringe in curl.

She has a good figure and is very tall, does not wear high heels and uses her whole foot when walking.

The American woman is a combination of these two. With great accentuation she selects the best points of each, but you would never take her for anybody but herself. She is rather inclined to the enormous hats of the French, but she does not wear short sleeves and low necks with them.

She is always appropriately dressed and has a costume for every occasion which always seems the very best thing that she could have chosen. She seems to have calculated all weather and all occurrences with an eye to her dress—hence her success.

"Grin Like a Cheshire Cat."

"Well, Well! Didn't ever hear of a 'grin like a Cheshire cat'?" Why, you see, a man down in Cheshire had a cat which grinned and grinned until there was nothing left of the cat but the grin, just as some scrofulous people, who don't know of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, get a cough, and then cough and cough until there is nothing left of them to erect a monument to but the cough."

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most effective, anti-bilious, anti-dyspeptic, strength-giving remedy extant. For weak lungs, lingering coughs, spitting blood, scrofula, sores, pimples and ulcers, it is a wonderful and efficacious remedy.

Its manufacturers guarantee it to do all that they claim, or money is returned.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, piles, sick headache, and indigestion, or dyspepsia.

A man is not necessarily a crank unless he happens to disagree with you.

Young Folks' Column.

A PERILOUS RESCUE.

Live-savers Bring a Wrecked Crew Through Storm and Shoal.

The rescue of a shipwrecked crew from the shoals off Nantucket by the men from a live-saving station, is graphically told in the September *St. Nicholas*. It was during a bitter January storm, and the life-savers, in an open surf-boat, had to anchor for hours by the wreck before they could get the crew off. Finally they succeeded, and the captain tells this story of their desperate struggle to reach land:

We were in an open boat out of sight of land, likely to be carried on to the shoal or off to sea, when we took up anchor, though, for the pull in, and now the men strained at the oars so as to clear the vessel and the shoal. Both wind and tide was setting us on the awful breakers. It was only by the most desperate efforts that we succeeded in keeping off and clearing the northern end of the shoal. For two and a half hours we strained every nerve, but were only a mile away from the wreck, yet not a bit farther towards the shore.

While nearest the breakers, and when the issue was doubtful, the mast and sail, which, lying on thwart, bothered the oarsmen, were by my orders thrown overboard, and we rode a little lighter. Still we were all time in great danger of being swamped by some big wave rolling in upon us, unless we could head the boat to it just right. I stood in the stern all through the twenty-three hours before we got ashore, holding the steering oar, fearing to drop it lest some sudden yawl of the boat should end us for ever. As the men were getting exhausted, and we had gained nothing, we threw the anchor over, and with the shoal a little way to the southeast, lay there from two o'clock till sunset, at five. Only a few strands of hemp and a fluke of a small anchor, my friend, kept us from going into the sea and watery graves.

At dark the southern tide commenced to run, and I ordered the anchor up and started again, with the hope that the tide would set us a little towards shore, provided we could by hard rowing hold the bow up to the wind and prevent the boat from going astern. We worked hard and gained a little, but by nine o'clock the tide was done, and in half an hour or an hour afterwards, we again anchored, and layed through the northern tide, or till three o'clock the next morning. Oh, that night! Those five hours seemed like a week. It was pitch dark, the wind increasing in force, and the air bitter cold. Most of the rescued crew, after having been got on board, had lain in the bottom of the boat like so many logs. They were numb with cold, soaked through with salt spray, faint from hunger and lack of sleep, and so exhausted and indifferent that they would not eat the little bread we had thrown aboard our boat on starting.

Their black cook, who was asleep in his bunk when the vessel struck, had on merely a calico shirt and trousers. Before we reached land, the back of that shirt was covered four inches thick with ice from the water which dashed upon him while rowing; for he was a brave fellow, and worked at the oars for many hours during the tough pull for shore. During these times, I had made all I could persuade the men the oars by telling them that, though they had got clear of the vessel, they were by no means saved, and, unless they helped, we would never get in, but all die in the boat. Some I could do nothing with, as they seemed to have lost all hope of life. One man sat on the midship thwart like a stone image. In vain I pleaded and threatened. He would not stir. I told him he would freeze to death; that though he had no strength to help us on, the exercise of pulling would start his blood and keep him alive. His only reply was a shake of the head, and "I can't be any colder." Poor fellow! The next day, when we got him ashore, his feet were found frozen, and they swelled to twice their natural size. The captain, since sunset, lay near me, crouched up under the steering oar. It was all I could do to hold the boat head on, and the oar thrashed so that I couldn't prevent its striking the captain as he rolled around. The boat was so heavily loaded that it was deep in the water, and when we settled in the hollow of the sea, the water gushed through the centre-board box, and our lives depended on constant bailing. I kept the poor fellows hard at it with buckets, yet it took my utmost efforts to keep them at work. I told them that we should soon sink if they did not bail, but that had little effect, so I fairly forced them.

They were now inclined to go to sleep, and we had to arouse them continually to keep them awake. But, badly off as they were, it was lucky they were with us and not on the vessel, because, half an hour after we left her, the mast fell and the sea around was strewn with wreckage.

About midnight the thing I most feared happened. One of my surfmen, a little, light fellow named Jenkins, began to give out. While alongside the wreck, two great seas, coming from different directions, had met, and shooting into the air, had dashed upon him, soaking him through and through. He was crying every now and then, "Oh, I never was so cold in my life." He soon lay down, and in spite of our efforts to the contrary, went to sleep. A fatal sleep; for the exposure of that trip in the boat caused his death last June.

Jenkins was the sole support of an old and widowed mother, but, as he did not lose his life at the time of the rescue, she will get nothing from the government, as the law reads.

At the Waist Line.

This is a cross section of little Willie, aged 9, at the beginning of the summer:

And this is a cross section of the same little Willie after spending two months on his uncle's farm down in Maine:

A SMART SCOTCH DOG.

A story of animal intelligence has been communicated to the editor of the *Revue Scientifique* by Prof. Fontaine of the Lycee at Versailles, and is corroborated in every detail by his companion in the adventure, the professor of mathematics at the same institution. During their vacation last autumn these gentlemen found themselves in Inverness. While going about the town they noticed that they were followed everywhere by a beautiful spaniel, of which at first they took no notice. Attracted, however, by the animal's persistence, they looked closely at it, and found that round its neck was a small padlocked box, with an inscription asking for alms for some poor schools. The professors are assured that the dog recognized them as tourists by their clothes, and as there fore likely to give willingly. However, this may be, M. Fontaine drew a penny from his pocket and was about to put it in the box; but the dog prevented this by holding its head down over the opening, and seizing the coin in its mouth with great quickness, ran away. A few minutes later they passed a baker's shop and saw their collecting friend seated on the counter, and apparently enjoying to its heart's content a loaf which it had purchased for the penny.

This remarkable story seemed to the editor of the *Revue Scientifique* to need confirmation, which was supplied by the following terse note from Prof. Perchon, the other witness: "I add my evidence with much pleasure to that of my friend M. Fontaine with regard to the Inverness dog. I saw it refuse to allow a penny to be put in the box it carried, and taking the coin in its mouth, get on the counter of a baker's shop, there depositing it and getting a loaf in exchange." How very human!

OUR DOTTY.

Our Dotty, who constituted herself the foster mother of the broken-winged sparrows and all other creatures that came to grief in the neighborhood, descended like a brooding, sheltering dove, and bore them lovingly into the house. Milk was warmed, and this with the freedom of the kitchen, given them in a white china saucer having a blue edge. The cook gave the milk ungrudgingly, but as for the freedom of the kitchen, this she soon revoked and pronounced a sentence of banishment instead.

What to do Dot didn't know. I suggested that she write to Mr. Bergh. A day or two of deliberation and sharpening of lead pencils, and then this carefully printed letter went to that gentleman's address:

"DEAR MR BUG
"YOU DON'T KNOW ME BUT MY PAPA SAYS HE KNOWS YOU THERE WARE 3 BLIN CITIZENS BORN ON OWER DORE STAP WITHOT ANA MAMA AND I CANT BE THARE MAMA AND THE CUK SAYS SHE CANT AND PAPA SAYS HE HAS SENT GUT TIME WONT YOU PLEASE COM WITHE A BASCOT AND TAK THEM AWAY AND TAK GUD CAR OF THEM
"DOTTY DIMPLE

No "560 EST 833 STREET"
With every ring of the bell that day Dotty ran to see if it were not "Mr. Bug." Hardly had the letter been five minutes posted before she looked for an answer.

And one came sooner than I expected. Next morning, while we were still at breakfast in the basement, a tap came at the window. The maid who answered it said that a colored man bearing a basket on his arm wanted to know if "Dotty Dimple" lived there.

"Oh, it's Mr. Bug! Mr. Bug!" shouted Dot, and was at the window in a jiffy, leaving a hot muffin untouched on her plate.

The colored man explained that he was not Mr. Bergh—that is, not exactly. But he had been sent by that gentleman to take care of three motherless kittens, which according to a letter received by Mr. Bergh, were at this house.—*Lippincott's.*

A Petrified Forest.

Visitors to the petrified forest near Corizo, on the Little Colorado, begin to see the signs of petrification hours before reaching the wonder. The road at a distance of ten miles from Corizo enters an immense basin, the slope being nearly a semicircle, and this inclosed by high banks of shale and white clay. The petrified stumps, limbs, and, in fact, whole trees, lie about on all sides; the tops of others far beyond the valley have gradually washed away the high hills roundabout, and the trees that once covered the high table-lands now lie in the valley beneath, immense trunks, some of which will measure over five feet in diameter, are broken and scattered over a surface of 300 acres.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S LUNCH.

Hard Work and Indigestion go Hand in Hand.

Concentrated thought, continued in, robs the stomach of necessary food, and this is also true of hard physical labor. When a five-horse-power engine is made to do ten horse-power work something is going to break. Very often the hard-worked man coming from the field or the office will "break down" in a few minutes which will take hours to digest. Then too, many foods are about as useful in the stomach as a keg of nails would be in a fire under a boiler. The ill-used stomach refuses to do its work without the proper stimulus which it gets from the blood and nerves. The nerves are weak and "ready to break," because they do not get the nourishment they require from the blood. Finally the ill-used brain is morbidly wide awake when the overworked man attempts to find rest in bed.

The application of common sense in the treatment of the stomach and the whole system brings to the busy man the full enjoyment of life and healthy digestion when he takes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to relieve a bilious stomach or after a too hearty meal, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify and vitalize the blood. The "Pellets" are tiny sugar-coated pills made of highly concentrated vegetable ingredients which relieve the stomach of all offending matters easily and thoroughly. They need only be taken for a short time to cure the biliousness, constipation and dizziness or torpor of the liver; then the "Medical Discovery" should be taken in teaspoonful doses to increase the blood and enrich it. It has a peculiar effect upon the lining membranes of the stomach and bowels, toning up and strengthening them for all time. The whole system feels the effect of the pure blood coursing through the body and the nerves are vitalized and strengthened, not deadened, or put to sleep, as the so-called celery compounds and nerve mixtures do—but refreshed and fed on the food they need for health. If you suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, and any of the ills which come from impure blood and disordered stomach, you can cure yourself with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which can be obtained at any drug store in the country.

OUR COUNTRY HOUSES.

How Some of Them May Be Tastefully and Simply Arranged.

Americans care more for country life now than they used to, and many people who are far from wealthy manage to own simple but comfortable cottages which contain so little of value that the owner feels no hesitation in leaving them locked up, but unguarded, during the winter. The deft fingers of the feminine members of the family often make these summer dwellings pretty at very small expense. The question of pictures is always an interesting one, for no room can be quite bright and cheerful without something of the kind. If the family purse does not allow good water-colors, etchings and autotypes, much may be done with the often excellent fac-similes of fine paintings published by fine art magazines. Of course these would not be worth framing expensively—they are, as a rule, not published for that purpose; but the daughters of the house can make very easily and quickly some charming frames which will be appropriate enough.

The most tasteful ones are those fashioned of rich stuffs—velours, soft silks, etc.—in colors harmonizing with the picture, and pieces of such goods may often be found among an upholsterer's remnants at prices far below the original cost. The picture must first be mounted on a piece of cardboard, but the frame should be cut (three or four inches in width) from heavy bookboard, the lighter qualities being almost sure to warp and spoil the effect.

Lay the frame on a piece of the goods which is about one inch larger all around. Cut the opening in the center, allowing here also an extra inch, and slash the goods a trifle at each corner to make it fit properly. Place a layer of cotton batting on the frame before putting on the velvet, as this gives a richness, especially to a thin material like silk, which is a great improvement.

Glue is used exclusively by most people in making these frames, but it is often easier to secure the cloth with thread, stretching it back and forth, closely and securely. The covered frame, however, must be pasted to the mounted picture, and as little glue as possible should be used, as too much moisture will cause the heaviest boards to warp. Put under a weight until perfectly dry. A delicate water-color in grays and greens is framed in white silk, which is covered with an all-over tinsel embroidery. This is very pretty, and although the frame was made nearly two years ago, it is apparently as fresh as at first, while the picture has gained rather than lost in charm during that time, which proves it to be really good. An olive velvet frame incloses a view of the sea, and a cluster of La France roses, is very effective in a frame of old pink.

Delicate brass ornaments or wreaths, booknotes, etc., are sold for the purpose of ornamenting covered frames and are easily secured in place with slender brass bands.

In these days of amateur photography, real photographs of the most interesting places may be had for the asking. Wooden frames are not difficult to make, and a few lessons in carpentry and a little practice would give anyone with a taste for the work sufficient skill to make an ordinary frame. But to do this one must have proper tools, though one young woman known to the writer has made an entire bookcase with no other aids than a hammer and a saw, the work could have been done far easier if she had had access to a work-bench fitted out with vise and plane and tools that were sharp and in good condition.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HAVE A PICTURE ROOM.

It Is Easy to Make and the Children Will Enjoy It Immensely.

Children are proverbially fond of bright things, and even the smallest hints lead on for the colored pictures with evident delight. A room, therefore, the walls of which are covered with these pretty things is sure to appeal to all their hearts.

The various art magazines, the Sunday papers and some of the finest advertisement cards will supply the material. All that you must make known to the writer has made an entire bookcase with no other aids than a hammer and a saw, the work could have been done far easier if she had had access to a work-bench fitted out with vise and plane and tools that were sharp and in good condition.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Each picture should be set within a frame, so to speak, or each should be surrounded by a molding tacked about the edge. The best for the purpose is the narrow, half-inch width painted in flat colors, such as paper hangers use about the panels of a room. If that is more costly than seems wise, in view of the amount required, the ordinary gilt sort will answer; the main essential is to get something unobtrusive and as plain as possible.

The pictures once grouped and the molding selected, the next step is to make smooth, flour paste, and to cover the entire wall with the gay, pretty scenes; then when they are dry and firm, to fit the molding neatly about each one and to tack the slips in place with long, slender blades made for the purpose.

The one difficulty is to make the joints of the molding neat and exact. All the rest is simple, and only a little judgment is required to make a collection which will be to the children a perpetual delight.

One woman of unusually fertile resources has hit upon a plan for displaying with unusual care and are grouped according to size. The rope is carried in straight lines, both horizontal and vertical, between the edges, and is tacked fast at each place of meeting with an ornamental nail.

The effect is really an excellent one, and the rope makes quite a sufficient frame in addition to having reduced both the labor and the cost.—*N. Y. Herald.*

People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop the falling, and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Silence in small children covers a multitude of sins.

The Love Story of a Country Minister

Who is called from a quiet rural parish to become the pastor of one of the most fashionable churches in New York, will begin, under the title of "A Minister of the World," in next month's issue of

The Ladies' Home Journal

There will also commence

A New Story by Frank R. Stockton

One of the drollest stories ever told by this funniest of all short-story tellers.

Mr. Stockton

The JOURNAL can now be had

The Rest of the Year for 25 Cents

Which will include the two great Holiday Issues, beautifully illustrated by the foremost artists, and containing stories, poems, articles, and original music by the most famous pens in the world.

Send 25 Cents to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



Also Dirigo Business College, Augusta, Me.

Having purchased the interest of the late R. B. Capen in the Dirigo Business College of Augusta, Me., it will be opened on **MONDAY, SEPT. 17th**, under the management of **WALTER F. FOSS**, who has been connected with the **Shaw Business College** for the past three years. The course of study will be identical with that of the Shaw Business College, and a new feature will be introduced, namely: **Daily Transactions** between the two schools, such as **Actual Business Practice, Clearing House Settlements, Shipments of Merchandise**, and the many items of practical business events which render this branch of education so interesting and instructive. Mr. Foss will be assisted by an able corps of assistants such as the demands of the business will require. Such an opportunity for securing a practical business education has never before been offered to the young people of this vicinity. The **Shorthand Department** will open Oct. 1st in charge of Alice J. Bradbury. The system taught is the **Benn Pitman**. Full particulars will be given on application. Address all communications to F. L. SHAW, Principal, Augusta, Me., or Portland, Me.

MAGEE RANGES AND HEATERS

were awarded the Gold Medal and the Special Diploma at the last three Exhibitions of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, where shown. No other makers of Stoves or Ranges ever received such Continued Endorsement. Also HIGHEST Award and 5 MEDALS at the World's Fair, Chicago.



The Magee Grand is the best range, in every particular, that has ever been produced. The Magee "Boston Heater" Furnace, for heating with WARM AIR ONLY, or a COMBINATION with HOT WATER, is everywhere deservedly popular. GUARANTEED to give perfect satisfaction in every particular if properly arranged and used. MAY WE SEND YOU A DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR WITH REFERENCES—LETTERS FROM USERS? 23, 24, 25 and 26 UNION ST., BOSTON, MASS.; 262 WATER ST., NEW YORK; 86 LAKE ST., CHICAGO.

—The—

Gold Clarion

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

Combines all the latest and best improvements known to the stove maker. It is fitted with the Dock Ash Grate—the famous fuel saver and with every appliance requisite to economy, cleanliness, perfect combustion and ease of management—all in all, it is the most perfect

Portable Cooking Range

ever made. Ask to see one at the dealers and compare it with other stoves. Every Range warranted. Manufactured only by

WOOD BISHOP & COMPANY,
41 and 43 West Market Square, BANGOR, MAINE.

Farm for Sale at Readfield, Me.

Consists of eighty acres, under a good state of cultivation. Excellent hay farm and has a good pasture. Buildings convenient and in repair. This farm is situated one mile from the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College. It will be sold at a bargain, and on easy terms. For particulars address, Mrs. F. J. EARLE, Kent's Hill, Me.

FRUIT AND STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

The homestead farm of the late A. C. Carr of Wintthrop, is for sale. This farm is located at East Wintthrop, five minutes walk from school, church and village. It will be sold at a great bargain for cash. Inquire of Mrs. T. CARLETON, Adm'r, Wintthrop, Me. June 12, 1894.

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK.

ORGANIZED IN 1848.

Assets, June 31st, 1894, \$85,700,000.32. Surplus, \$450,000.

TRUSTEES: Wm. S. RADDER, J. H. MANLEY, L. C. CORNHILL, LENDALL TITCOMB, H. PARROT.

Deposits received and placed on interest the first day of every month. Interest paid or credited in account on the first Wednesday of February and August. Deposits are exempt by law from all taxes, and accounts are strictly confidential. Special privileges afforded to Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Trustees, married women and minors.

EDWIN C. DUDLEY, Treasurer.

Perfumes

CHOICEST 25c peroz. at Partridge's Old Reliable Drug Store opp. Post Office.

Items of Maine News

Mr. Edward C. Munson, a well known contractor of Portland, is dead.

Wild game of all kinds is reported very scarce in the Aroostook woods this season.

The cotton mill at Calais which has been idle for a long time, resumed operations on Wednesday.

In Oakland, the other day, two moose were seen to come out of the woods and gambol about for some time in the open field on two different occasions.

Harry B. Burleigh, son of President A. A. Burleigh, of the B. & A., will enter the Pennsylvania Military College for a four year course.

The International Steamship Co. has contracted for a 3000-ton steamer with the New England Co. and the Bath Iron Works.

Mr. Sampson Sprague of Princeton was badly gored by his bull, one day last week. The animal tossed him over a fence, breaking two ribs and injuring his head.

The coroner's jury in the case of the killed at Tillson's wharf, Rockland, Sept. 11, have reported. They found that he came to his death from the effect of a kick inflicted on the side of the head by Lawrence J. Flaherty.

Bert M. Wylie, aged 20, shot himself Sunday afternoon, at his home in Warren. His mind has been lately somewhat unsettled. The doctor unsuccessfully probed for the bullet. There is a fair chance of the young man's recovery.

The grand jury at Auburn has found an indictment against Thomas Mansfield for assault with intent to murder. This is the case where Mansfield fired a shot at his wife, who was very sick, and he claims at her solicitation. The woman died.

Mr. James H. Stuart, one of the leading citizens of Hampden, and well known in Bangor, died Saturday morning, and the announcement will be received with sorrow by many friends who loved him in high esteem. His age was 70 years and 4 months.

Fred M. Gray of Monmouth, who was employed at the State fair as a special policeman, and who has been before the grand jury as a witness on a case of assault and battery, was brutally assaulted by a gang of ruffians, on Lincoln street, Lewiston, Friday night.

The store of W. F. Moody in Kennebecport occupied by George W. Clough, was discovered to be the scene of a fire, the cause of which was a candle. The fire was extinguished by the fire department.

The hearing in the Hayden homicide case at Bangor, ended Saturday, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. The hearing was held for the murder of Hayden. He was committed to the jail at Bangor to await the action of the grand jury at the October term of the superior court.

The brush factory of C. Withington & Sons of Buckfield is running its full force, and commenced this week to run on a regular basis. The firm has been in operation for some time, and has been successful in its business.

The storm of Thursday was so severe at Bath and vicinity that the steamer Sagadahoc that put out for Boston, went to the north of the river, where she anchored. The weather was very bad, and the steamer was forced to return to port.

The farm buildings occupied by Wm. F. Folsom of Waterville, were destroyed by fire about midnight. The fire was caused by a candle, and the contents of the buildings were lost. It is understood that the insurance will nearly cover the loss.

The post office, the Sandy River railroad station and Daggett & Willis' grocery store at Strong, were burglarized, Monday night. At the last place nothing was taken, but at the other two, a large amount of money was secured. From the post office a few dollars in stamps and change were taken from the boxes.

Two deer appeared in the field in front of the village school house in Strong, Friday, and did not seem the least frightened. They have been seen no farther from the village lately and it is thought there will be some venison in the not very far distant future. Bears have taken possession of several corn fields on Taylor Hill. They have made general havoc of the corn.

John Fairchild Vickers, Minot Avenue, Bangor, died suddenly Tuesday afternoon. He was taken sick while out walking. He went into the street, and laid down upon the sidewalk, and never rose. He was found by a passerby, and taken to his home, where he died.

The annual reunion of the Knox and Lincoln Veterans Association was held in Rockland, Wednesday. The banquet and dinner at Oakland was participated in by over 1000 people. The evening of last year was re-elected.

The evening of last year was re-elected. The evening of last year was re-elected. The evening of last year was re-elected. The evening of last year was re-elected. The evening of last year was re-elected.

Everything is progressing favorably towards the opening of the shoe factory at Waldoboro. The lease has been signed by all parties and the necessary funds have been raised. The factory will be ready to start work in a few days.

On Wednesday, at Hiram, one Downy, alias "Barnum," alias "Woolly Wild," a remnant of the circus, procured a box of liquor and a team and two men, and intended to elope with a daughter of L. Lander Cotton, aged 14 years, an orphaned child. Constable Llewellyn Smithworth, hurried to the scene, and just in time, met the emergency.

My Blood

Became overheated, causing pimples all over me, developing into large and Dr. H. H. Fuller's Cures.



Mrs. Caroline H. Fuller, London, Ontario, Canada.

Below, the worst on my ankle. I could not sleep. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health.

Mrs. C. H. Fuller, London, Ontario, Canada.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills, Biliousness, and

and passed his best hours with a revolver, the fellows keeping beyond his reach. At length a passing traveller took a message to John B. Pike, Esq., who, with two ladies of the W. C. T. U., made formal complaint, and the girl and her younger sister were apprehended by Constable Wadsworth, and after a hearing before John Pierce, Esq., were taken by the constable to the Industrial School at Hallowell. The roughs fled towards Sebago and are still at large.

J. R. Oulette, who murdered Daniel Thibideau at Jay Bridge, near Lewiston, three weeks ago, was captured at Three Rivers, Quebec, through the aid of the postal authorities of Lewiston. Saturday, after fatally stabbing Thibideau, Oulette fled through the bush to Quebec province, first working on the railroads and then going to Quebec city. Here he read in the Montreal papers that the officers were on his track, and proceeded to Grandmere, west of Quebec. He was penniless and desperate, and being unable to procure work and almost starving, he under an assumed name wrote to his wife in Maine for money. Letters to her were watched, and one from Quebec scrutinized. The reply thereto had hardly been posted when Deputy Sheriff Blake was after the man, whom he found.

PROBATE COURT—KENNEBEC COUNTY.

Martha B. Gilbreth of Boston, Mass., was appointed Administratrix of the estate of Mary Bunker of Waterville. John Purinton of Litchfield was appointed Administrator on the estate of John Patten of Litchfield. Lillian M. Munger of Old Orchard was appointed Administratrix with will annexed on the estate of William H. Pettier of August.

Augustus E. M. Tracy of Mt. Vernon was appointed Administrator on the estate of John M. Bent of Vienna. David Gallert of Waterville was appointed Administrator on the estate of Benno S. Gallert of Waterville. Wm. Young of Augusta was appointed Administrator on the estate of James W. Young of Augusta. Andrew S. Merrill of Woolwich was appointed Administrator on the estate of Charles A. Merrill of Woolwich. C. E. Shore of Augusta was appointed Administrator on the estate of Nelson T. Shore of Augusta.

Willis proved, approved and allowed: Of Alexander Hall of Vassalboro; Wm. A. Hall of Vassalboro appointed Administrator with will annexed. Of Pierre Toin of Waterville; Pierre Toin of Waterville appointed Executor. Of Mehitabel J. Hillman of Farmingdale; O. B. Clason of Gardiner appointed Administrator. Of George G. Harvey of Hallowell; Geo. F. Harvey of Hallowell appointed Executor. Of Mary M. Folsom of Monmouth; O. Frank Tibbetts of Oakland; Annie L. Tibbetts of Oakland appointed Executors. Of Isaac W. Baker of Litchfield; W. B. Skelton of Lewiston appointed Administrator with will annexed. Of Horace Williams of Augusta; David P. Kimball of Boston; and James Van Deventer of Knoxville, Tenn., appointed Executors and Trustees. Heath & Tuell, of Augusta, were appointed Agents. In this estate a bond of \$2,000 was filed by those entrusted with the execution of the will.

Ennie Cornforth of Waterville was appointed Guardian of George E. and Carl A. Cornforth of Waterville. Frank B. Morse of Windsor was appointed Guardian of Margaret C. Morse of Windsor. Henry S. Webster of Gardiner was appointed Guardian of Frances R. Waterhouse and Mary L. Waterhouse of Gardiner. J. M. Jew of Farmingdale was appointed Guardian of Anna M. Jew of Farmingdale. H. C. Winslow of Oakland was appointed Guardian of Mary E. Cunningham of Oakland, insane, daughter of the late Melvin Cunningham of Augusta.

In the Insolvency Court, F. A. Walden of Waterville was appointed Assignee on the insolvent estates of Amos N. Strange and Samuel R. Tuttle of Waterville; Joseph Williamson, Jr., was appointed Assignee on the estate of H. F. Teaton of Augusta; W. T. Reynolds of Sidney was appointed Assignee on the estate of Ludger Belanger.

Chief Clerk R. E. Graves of the railway mail service has sent in his resignation of that position to take effect on Oct. 15. Mr. Graves has purchased the railroad restaurant at Newmarket Junction on the B. & M. road and will give his whole attention to his new venture as soon as he is relieved of his official duties.

LIQUID REMEDIES

ferment unless alcohol is used. Alcohol, in any form, is poison to the kidneys. Buker's Kidney Pills cure kidney ache and diseases of the vital organs. These pills contain no alcohol nor mercury.

DRUGGISTS SELL THEM FOR 50c PER BOX.

KIDNEY PILLS

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE

We publish below the official list of members elect of the next legislature of Maine:

SENATE—All Representatives.
ANDROSCOGG: Auburn—Albert R. Savage. Webster—J. Wesley Maxwell. ARCADE: Presque Isle—Edward Wiggins. Houlton—Randolph W. Shaw.

CUMBERLAND: Portland—George M. Seiders. Westbrook—Charles M. Waterhouse. Casco—William M. Colburn. Gray—Matthew C. Morrill.

FRANKLIN: Jay—George W. Stone. HANCOCK: Deer Isle—Elmer P. Spofford. Sullivan—Gilbert E. Simpson.

KENNEBEC: Augusta—John F. Hill. Winthrop—Elliot Wood. Sidney—Martin J. Shields.

KNOX: Vinalhaven—Frederick S. Wallis. LYONS: Boothbay Harbor—Oscar R. Nickerson.

OXFORD: Fryeburg—Albion P. Gordon. Dixfield—John S. Harlow.

PENOBSCOT: Bangor—William E. Weeks. Old Town—Edgar B. Weeks. Dixmont—Albert R. Day.

PISCATAQUIS: Monson—Rodney C. Penney. Saco—James E. Hutchinson.

SALMON FALLS: Phippsburg—M. H. Ferguson. ROCKBURY: Pittsfield—Frank W. Hovey. Skowhegan—Charles A. Marston.

WASHINGTON: Belfast—Isaac H. Jackson. Robbinston—Harrison Hume. Machias—John K. Ames.

WINDHAM: Biddeford—Charles H. Prescott. Limerick—Frank M. Higgins. Kittery—Horace Mitchell.

HOUSE. (Democrats indicated by italics.) ANDROSCOGG: Auburn—James E. Hutchinson. Benjamin F. Briggs.

ARCADE: Durham—Samuel B. Libby. Greene—Z. A. Gilbert. Lewiston—Frank L. Noble.

CUMBERLAND: Bangor—William E. Weeks. Biddeford—Charles H. Prescott. Limerick—Frank M. Higgins.

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OXFORD: Fryeburg—Albion P. Gordon. Dixfield—John S. Harlow.

Columbia Falls—Horace M. Leighton. Cooper—James L. Deane. Eastport—Wilbur A. Shea.

Jonesport—Jerome W. Peasey. Lacey—Edward M. Lawrence. Madison—Isaac F. Smith.

Milbridge—Warren Sawyer. Whitewater—Davis W. Rollins, Jr. YORK: Alfred—Richard S. Stanley.

Biddeford—Charles H. Prescott. Limerick—Frank M. Higgins. Kittery—Horace Mitchell.

KENNEBEC COUNTY NEWS.—The Kennebecers will hold another bicycle meet this year in Gardiner.

—Another movement is in progress to see what shall be done about starting up the Winthrop milk factory.

—The new Keeley League building at the Soldiers' Home, Togus, was dedicated last week.

—The Baptist Association meetings at Hallowell, last week, were very successful.

—The Kennebec Central Railroad—the little line between Gardiner and Togus—comes up smiling again with its six per cent. annual dividend to stockholders. The road has paid from the very start.

—A cow belonging to Edward Taber of East Vassalboro, met with a singular death the other evening. While being led behind the wagon, she threw herself down and was choked to death.

—Mr. Hiram K. Morrell, the former editor and proprietor of the Gardiner Home Journal, married, Tuesday, to Miss Jennie M. Haskell of Livermore Falls.

—A large number of cases of typhoid fever in Waterville has set on foot an investigation into the cause thereof. They have suspicion that the disease germs have been communicated through certain milk supplies.

—The new Free Baptist church at West Mount Vernon was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on Tuesday, Sept. 11. It was a delightful occasion, and the exercises were of a most interesting character.

—The proposed route of the Waterville and Wiscasset Railroad has been surveyed through North Vassalboro village, passing close to the M. E. church. The town declined to loan its credit to the extent of \$5000 in its aid at a special meeting held Saturday.

—Saturday morning, Nathan Morrill, a farmer, aged about 80 years, living on the "Neck road" in Waterville, committed suicide by hanging himself in an apple tree near his house. Coroner Edwards was called, and took the body down. Insanity was the cause. Three of his brothers had committed suicide.

—The year at Colby University opened, Thursday, with over seventy in the Freshman class, the largest number in the history of the college. The class has an unusually large amount of base ball and foot ball material. The Junior class will take the required work of both the Junior and Senior years, because President Whitman is to be in Europe next year on leave of absence. Next year the Junior work will be entirely elective.

—W. D. Haley's (of Gardiner) promising Nelson four year-old stallion Haley, won the 2-19 class race for a purse of \$400 at the Granite State park in Dover, N. H. Wednesday. The first heat was won by the mare Mischief in 2:20. In the second heat Haley was forced to discontinue in 33 seconds and the mare won in 1:07, but he stood the clip gamely and did not have to go the second half nearly as fast to win. There was nothing in the lot to force him to his limit, and he won the next two heats as he pleased.

Superior Court at Augusta. State vs. William C. Croty, appellant; assault on a seven-year-old boy at Hallowell. Case not prossed.

Thomas B. McMann pleaded *nolo contendere* to an indictment for forgery of a time-bill, and the case was continued for sentence until the December term.

Joseph M. Candace, for embezzlement of \$11.25 from Hersey & Co., shoe dealers, Augusta. The defendant admitted that he delivered the goods to the parties and claims that he charged them to himself on the cash register as so much cash received from Hersey & Co., which was taken out of his pay. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Charles Bigelow, Charles Stinson and Charles Ridley pleaded *nolo contendere* to an indictment for illegal fishing in Monmouth, the allegation being that they took a thousand white perch with a net. A nol prossed was entered as to a portion of the fish, and a fine of \$300 was imposed and paid. The parties reside at Bangor. Fred P. Beau deau of Waterville was sentenced to a fine of \$100 and costs or 60 days in jail. Committed. Charles E. Sturgis filed demurrers to the liquor indictments, except one, for seizure and seizure, which was quashed. The case against John H. Kittredge for assault and battery was nol prossed. Frank Trask of Oakland, for assault and battery, was sentenced to a year in jail. Josiah Allen of Augusta, for carrying a dangerous weapon, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$100, and in default, 60 days in jail.

The annual en-ampment of the Curn Cadets, of the State College, will begin on Friday, October 5, and last one week. Invitations have been received from Portland, Foxcroft and Houlton as places to hold this year's encampment. The Cadets decided to accept the invitations of the city of Portland and will make their encampment on the Eastern Promenade. Owing to the large number of new students, the battalion will be formed of three companies instead of two, besides the band of 20 pieces and the signal corps.

In conversation with a gentleman who has recently visited several of the corn canning establishments in the State, we learn that a large amount of corn has been hauled to the factories by the farmers, and left in piles to spoil, the factories having run short of corn. The companies made up in advance cans sufficient to meet the demands of an average crop of corn; but they did not take into consideration the enormous crop with which we have been favored. Hence the loss.

Secretary B. W. McKen of the State Board of Agriculture, will hold Saturday October 6. C. E. Wheeler of Chesterville will speak on "Orcharding." Secretary McKen on "Dairying," and Prof. Jordan of the Maine State College, at Orono, on "Farm Economics." Mr. McKen will have the Babcock milk tester with him.

SOME INSIDE FACTS.

Such Matters Always Leak Out

This Time it Carried the Great News Far and Wide.

Many Families all Over the Land are Deeply Interested in the Matter.

There are many things in the lives of persons and families which when they are known become matters of public interest. People always want to know those things which personally concern them, which add to their well-being, their looks or their comfort. Here is a piece of news which coming from such high authority makes it of more than ordinary interest.

Mrs. Charles H. Heaton, residing at 143 State Street, Montpelier, Vt., is a most lovely and accomplished lady. The family has the very highest social standing. Her husband has held many offices of trust in the city and in politics, and among the Masonic fraternity stands at the head. Her husband's father is president of the Montpelier Savings Bank and Trust Co., the largest bank in the city. Her father is a prominent railroad man. She writes as follows:

"Two years ago we had a terrible experience with La Grippe and by overwork in taking care of my children and the results of the disease I was left in a very exhausted condition, in fact was nearly prostrated. I was so weak that upon the least excitement I would feel nauseated. I was near nervous prostration as anyone could be."

"Someone recommended Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and remedy to me and I immediately began its use. I am happy to say that it completely cured me. I think it is the best medicine I ever knew of for any form of nervous or chronic disease. I have recommended it to many and shall do so upon every occasion."

This letter is of the utmost importance to you for it tells you just what to do to be cured. If you are nervous, weak, tired, sleepless, if you have headache, indigestion, kidney or liver complaint, poor blood and weak nerves, you can surely regain your health and be as well as you ever were by taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

The strengthening and curative powers of this remedy are wonderful. Use it and you will be made well and strong. It is the discovery of Dr. Greene, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He can be consulted by all at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., free, personally or by letter.

A Notable Occasion. On Saturday forenoon the inauguration of George C. Chase as President of Bates College, took place in Bates College chapel, Lewiston. The order of exercises consisted of prayer by Rev. C. F. Penney, D. D.; address by the retiring President, Rev. O. B. Cheney, D. D.; address with presentation of keys in behalf of the corporation, by Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr.; address by President George C. Chase, D. Cheney, in his farewell address, spoke of the early struggles of the friends of the college to place the institution on a substantial footing. His address was crowded with historic interest and personal incidents. The new President in his address, defined very clearly the purpose and the mission of the college; "It exists for the sake of a better community, a better commonwealth, a better society in the broadest sense of the word, and is maintained in every step of its development from the crude beginnings of the Middle Ages to the elaborate and comprehensive equipment of the typical institutions of today." In closing his fine address, the President recapitulated the needs of the college, which ought to be supplied that it may be able to do its best work. He also thus indulged in prophecy:

"Let me indulge in bright hopes for our future, I can see in my mind what, God willing, shall yet be translated into substantial reality, a vision of the Bates to be. I can see her beautiful campus (made three beautiful by the skill of the landscape gardener) dotted with a score of clearly the purpose and the mission of the college; 'It exists for the sake of a better community, a better commonwealth, a better society in the broadest sense of the word, and is maintained in every step of its development from the crude beginnings of the Middle Ages to the elaborate and comprehensive equipment of the typical institutions of today.' In closing his fine address, the President recapitulated the needs of the college, which ought to be supplied that it may be able to do its best work. He also thus indulged in prophecy:

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Poetry.

THE BATTLE OF PORT HUDSON.

By N. H. FOSBETT, REVEREND.
[Read at the 5th Annual Session of Co. D,
21st Reg. Maine Vol. at Augusta, Sept. 12th,
1894.]

'Twas morning at Port Hudson,
The slanting rays of light
Cast their beams upon an army,
All eager for a fight.
They'd been anxious for this moment,
When they could strike a blow
To help rescue our fair country
From her rebellious foe.
They enlisted for that purpose,
And were waiting for a chance—
For an order from their leader
Upon them to advance.
The order had now been given,
The lines began to move,
And soon the din of battle
Upon the air arose.
Fiercely hot then raged the conflict,
Thick and fast the missiles flew,
Dealing death and desolation
Through the ranks of soldiers true.
Boldly stood those noble soldiers,
Quelling not as their comrades fell—
Gallantly they closed their ranks up,
Thinned by rebel shot and shell.
Onward over tangled brushwood,
Through ravines they made their way,
Rushing like a maddened whirlwind,
Hoping thus to gain the day.
Brightly gleamed the sword and bayonet,
Loudly rose the cannon's roar,
And above them, early waving,
Was the flag they proudly bore.
And not one among that number
Who followed their leader's call,
But would rather die in battle
Than have that banner fall.

'Twas evening at Port Hudson,
The sun was riding low,
And the sentinels on duty
Were pacing to and fro.
They were pacing very slowly,
For their hearts were sorely sore
At the carnage of the conflict,
That had raged an hour before.
They were thinking, too, of mothers,
In their homes so far away,
Whose hearts would soon be breaking
For their sons who fell that day.

Thirty years and more have glided
Round the rolling staff of time,
Since those boys fell at Hudson,
In their youthful strength and prime.
But their deeds we still remember
On this bright September day,
Though their ashes long since mingled
With the dust of Southern clay.
And as long as Death, the Reaper,
Any one of us shall spare,
Just so long will he remember
Those boys who perished there.

Our Story Teller.

A FEEBLE ATONEMENT.

"E's tipsy! E's having a rest! What is it? Only a sandwich-man!" One of the miserable gutter filth had slipped and fallen on the Strand pavement. With the imperial air of the neophyte medicine-man, Talbot Villiers parted the crowd. A Samaritan stood by with a little brandy in a glass. Talbot put it to the human advertisement's lips. The man opened his eyes with a look of gratitude. The look touched the young medical student. He held up his finger for a cab, then he assisted the fallen man into it and took a seat opposite.

"Where to?" asked Talbot. "Where do you live? I am going home with you."

"Tallot street, Westminster, No. 5," murmured the other feebly. "My name is Stern, John Stern."

Talbot gave the direction to the cabman; then he examined his companion more closely. He was an elderly man of refined features. His clothes, though shabby, were remarkably clean; his linen was clean, and he was clean shaven. In fact, such a surplus of cleanliness in one of his late occupation was rather suspicious. Stern bore the young man's scrutiny with visible uneasiness. He leaned suddenly over to Villiers.

"Say," he said, "if you are going home with me, will you keep my carrying of the boards a secret? I don't want it to come to the ears of my daughter. I am pretty nearly useless for work, but I wish to help her all I can, and that is why I come into the city to carry those boards. She thinks I work at an office."

"I quite understand," said Talbot, pityingly. "Your secret is safe with me. The words of the man had aroused every generous instinct of his nature. 'What made you faint?'"

"Hunger," replied Stern, laconically. Talbot made a hurried motion to stop the cab. Stern laid his hand on his arm and restrained him. "No, sir," he said. "I am indebted to you already. You cannot help me further; I cannot take anything from you, even food. But I thank you, all the same."

Stern's tone was decisive, and Talbot regarded him in amazement. The first answer had shown him what little way he had made in medical diagnosis; the second, how little he knew of human nature. The pride that prevented a hungry man accepting food was to Talbot preposterous. This feeling gave way to one of involuntary respect. At last the cab stopped. Cab seemed a novelty in Strand street, for a face appeared at nearly every window. A girl of about twenty was looking from No. 5. As the cab drew up, she looked very pale, and rushed to the door.

"My daughter, Kate," said Stern. "Remember your promise, sir."

"All right," replied Talbot; then, as the girl came to the door he raised his hat. "Don't be alarmed; your father has happened with a slight accident. He slipped on the curb. He's all right; but I thought I had better drive home with him from the—the office."

At the sight of her father walking from the cab, the color rushed back to her cheeks in such vivid and delicate tints, and showed so clearly the beauty of her complexion, that Talbot stood gazing at her in silent admiration. His eyes lingered on her in a most embarrassing silence. They took in the lines of the slight, graceful figure, the nut-brown hair, and the honest, steadfast eyes.

"I'll call to-morrow," he said, with a start, "and hear how he is—that is, if you don't mind."

"Don't mention it," stammered Talbot. "Good morning—I mean good afternoon—Miss Stern."

He reentered the cab, and, telling the cabman to drive anywhere, escaped from Talbot street in some confusion. But he was true to his promise. He called the next day, and the day after, and many more times. The state of Stern's health seemed to become a very serious matter. At last this pleasant fiction exploded. He came one afternoon when her eyes were weary with typewriting, and the sight maddened him. He clasped her in his arms. "Kate, my own dear Kate," he cried, "I love you, and I want you to be my wife. Will you, Kate?"

Kate looked into his eyes. He needed no other answer; and they passed the afternoon building up a quiet little Bloomsbury practice. Stern was to be made a dispenser. Over the teacups, Kate told her father of Talbot's proposal. He kissed her, and sighed. It was not in him to spoil a love-dream; but he scented danger. Talbot Villiers was a gentleman in every sense of the word; but Talbot Villiers had undoubtedly a father. Who was he? Villiers, senior, would without doubt have his say, unless he was a very mild father. Indeed, early the next day, a day when Stern had no "copying" to do in the city, a letter arrived from Talbot inclosing two tickets for the theater. The letter ran: "I want you and your father both to see this piece. It was produced last night with the greatest success. After you have both seen it, I'll tell you why I am so anxious you should go. I have inclosed some press cuttings which will give you an idea of the plot and the way it is staged. I'm sorry I can't come; but I have a little business to transact with dad."

It was the first time he had mentioned that ominous person. "Dad" suddenly loomed up very large in Kate's thoughts. Villiers, senior, unaccountably depressed her. She tried to throw this depression off by telling her father about the theater. The play was called "A Woman's Love." Stern had carried the boards that advertised its "first night." To Kate's great astonishment, her father refused to go. She pressed him why.

"I can't go," said Stern gravely. "Don't look so gloved, Kate. Let me tell you why; then perhaps you'll understand me. A long time ago I wrote a play."

"You wrote a play?" interrupted Kate breathlessly. "I knew, you dear old father, you were clever. Talbot said you were clever. He said you had a clever face."

Stern smiled sadly at this innocent tribute. "Writing a play, Kate, and getting it acted are two very different things. I wrote this play in want, in misery, and with an ailing wife by my side. I wrote it in the odd moments snatched from my work. I built high hopes upon it, my dear; I put my whole heart into it, and I folly dreamt it would lift from me a burden of debt and give me a name. I signed it with a name of mine, and sent it to a dramatist called Fielding Clark. I called upon him afterwards and asked his opinion of the play. He told me he had lost it. Then, Kate, I lost heart. Poverty drove me from pillar to post, and of the many things I grew to hate, the theater was one."

Kate threw her arms round him and kissed him. "And to think that that accident," she cried, "you might have been a great man! Never mind!"

"No," said Stern, wearily passing his hand over his forehead, "never mind; but what have you got in your hand?"

"They are the press notices of the new play. They came with the tickets."

"Well, my dear, I'm just going to have a pipe at the back of the house; I'll look over them. Perhaps I'll go, after all. You are entering soon on a new life, and it's about time I should throw aside my prejudices."

He fondly kissed her, and took down his pipe. When her father was gone, Kate drew in thought to the window. To think how narrowly she had escaped being a dramatist's daughter! While her mind was thus exalted, she observed a gentleman middle age attentively scanning the houses. He was dark, slimly built, and of a sarcastic aspect. At last he fixed his gaze on No. 5 and opened the gate. With a vague misgiving, Kate ran to the door.

"Pardon me," said the visitor, blandly, "but is this Mr. Stern's?"

"Yes," answered Kate, feeling cold. "This is Mr. Stern's."

"And if I judge right," said the stranger still more blandly, "you are Miss Kate Stern. May I have the honor of a few moments' conversation with you? My name is Barry Villiers."

Talbot's father! The ominous "dad" in the background! With a very pale face, Kate ushered him into the house. He politely waited for her to seat herself, then sat down.

"I fear," he began, "I have called on a rather unpleasant errand. My visit concerns a flirtation between you and my son."

Kate caught her breath. "There has been no flirtation, Mr. Villiers. Your son has told me that he loved me, and I am not ashamed of returning his love."

Villiers bowed. "A boy and girl attachment," he said, airily. "I heard of it from my son's lips to-day. Of course it cannot proceed. It is folly; but then, when were lovers wise? I can assure you, Miss Stern, though fully appreciating your affection for my son, that you must give up all thoughts of this marriage." He smiled. "Give up all thoughts of it?" cried Kate, with pale lips. "Is that your son's message?"

"No—of course not. I am here to reason with you. You are a mere child; I am a man of the world. We look at things from different standpoints. But a marriage is impossible. Your position—"

"You mean," interrupted Kate, "that you are rich and I am poor."

"You say you love my son. Well, his career is in your hands. Will you blight it? It rests with you."

"You said the whole responsibility of his future on my shoulders," he answered, bitterly. "Is that the act of a gentleman? Is it the act of a father who loves his son?"

Villiers regarded her more attentively. His suavity diminished. "You are more clever," he said, coldly, "than I thought. I will say no more. If you take my friendly visit in this spirit, I can do nothing. But you may take it as my last word that if my son marries you, he does so a beggar. I cast him off; I utterly disown him."

"And yet," cried Kate, "you say you love him!"

Villiers took up his hat; he fixed her with a keen, cold glance. "I do. And here is my cheque-book to prove it. I will pay any sum to release him from a degrading marriage."

"Degrading!" The girl staggered. "I will prove to you," she said in a quivering tone, "which love is the strongest. I will give him up; I will tell him so from my own lips. And if ever you tell your son of this interview, you may say that I refused to marry him because I loved him. That is my answer." She sank into the chair from which she had risen, and covered her face with her hands.

Barry Villiers's face lightened. "My dear young lady, I have wronged you. Pray, make some allowance for a father's affection. Let me reward you for this act of self-sacrifice." He pulled out his cheque book and stood beside her, apparently considering the sum, when the door that led to the back opened and Stern walked in. He looked at first at his daughter, then at Villiers. As their eyes met, something like an electric spark seemed to pass from one to the other.

"Fielding Clark!" cried Stern. Kate gave a start. Barry Villiers was Fielding Clark, the dramatist. Talbot's father was the author of the play for which they had received the tickets. She turned an amazed look upon her father. His face frightened her. It was exultant and denunciatory. For a moment, Stern's face seemed to have the same effect upon Barry Villiers. He seemed disconcerted, ill at ease. In Stern's hand were the press notices. He seemed to have a secret. Villiers was the first to gain his composure.

"Sinclair!" he cried, "John Sinclair. This is a surprise."

Stern turned to his daughter. "Leave us a moment, Kate," he said. "I have a few words to say to this gentleman."

Kate rose, and with a wondering look at her father, quitted the room. When she was gone, he turned a scorching look upon Barry Villiers. That gentleman promptly held out his hand. Stern contemptuously regarded it.

"I don't know why you are in my house," he said slowly. "But no doubt you can explain it. I should say you are a man who could explain anything. Perhaps you can explain this."

He held up the crumpled ball of paper. "These are the notices of a play produced last night. That play was mine. You stole it. You are a liar and a villain!"

Villiers put down his hat. "Sinclair," he said, and his tones were almost plaintive, "you will regret these words. Yet they were spoken in the heat of the moment, and I forgive you."

His retort was so staggering that Stern gazed at him dazed. He nearly apologized.

"No doubt," pursued Villiers, "you think the worst of me. It is not unnatural. But there are extenuating circumstances. I own the play was mine. I own I used it. But at the time you came to me it was really lost. I had mislaid it. I had no knowledge of your real name—I take it that the agreeable young lady who had just left us is your daughter—I had no means of reaching you. I sought for you. I advertised for you, under the name of Sinclair; but I was wrong. You were not here. I was swept away. Then Sinclair—I mean Stern—I was tempted. There came to me the great temptation of my life. I was worked out; a manager stood at my elbow, and I took your play. It was culpable—very culpable—but the question is what are you going to do in it?"

He asked, and looked, not altogether without anxiety, at the man he had wronged.

Stern stood before him dejected. To a third party he might easily have been mistaken for the one who was most to blame. What was he going to do in it? The hot fire of vengeance had died from him. He stood now only with the cold ashes of lost hopes.

"Of course," said Villiers, "you could harm me, perhaps prosecute me; but it would be unchristian. Stern thought of the sandwich boards and glared at him. "Give me the opportunity," he went on hastily "of making atonement. We are both middle-aged men. Why live in the past? Why should we cloud the happiness of others?"

"The happiness of others? What do you mean?"

"I'll explain," said Villiers. "You know me as Clark. Villiers is my name, and Talbot Villiers is my son. You may not have noticed the likeness. I have done her 'irreparable injury' because I made up some unbleached cotton for the twins and didn't charge for the stuff, and she a poor widow, 'the mother of six.' I'm 'paperizing the masses' again. I'm told she works ten hours a day, six days to the week. The end of her ambition is 'to keep off the towns.' And she does what? She makes tea and toast, and I thought I was making citizens, and there was a tremble in the voice."

"Did the Oracle propose a better way of making citizens?" said the quiet voice. The voice was quiet, but the eyes were afire.

"I can't remember that she proposed anything. The fact is, she seems just a dreary, helpless, hopeless blunder, and I've been battered against a great stone wall, not even a cranny where one could get a foothold to climb up to the light."

"Peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety"—the words from the church service came to mind unbidden when one looked at her. She was a plain little woman on the shy side of sixty, sitting in a streak of wintry sunshine seeding raisins, and seeding them so earnestly she failed to notice the opening of the door.

It opened, swinging back to the wall, and Maria Clendennin entered with a quick step, her face flushed, and an earnest written plainly in her dark eyes.

"Life is an awful muddle!" she said, and she seized the poker and stabbed fiercely at the soft-coal fire. "Tis enough to drive a woman crazy just to be alive nowadays. And there you sit, Aunt Jane, with a face like—well, you always make me think of the 'Hallelujah Chorus' in the Messiah, and I believe Handel would say so himself if he could see you."

Aunt Jane was a little deaf. "What's the child talking about?" she said, glancing over her spectacles. The eyes were dark and bright as though a spark glinted through them. The hallelujah was in the face, but it was written there not by the touch of an angel; it was the victory of battle, and the peace was the rest after warfare.

Maria had come to the border of her battlefield now, to the confines of the broad plain mistily bounded by the other world, where each earnest woman, looking out on the every-day life, begins to realize that one's living soul, an everlasting life, is an awful thing to have in one's keeping.

"I believe," she said, slowly, "yes, I verily believe I'll take to paper roses and lamp shades, and bonbons and pastries. I'll put on my rose-colored spectacles and walk only on Fifth avenue, and then I'll forget there are any Five Points, and I'll be happy."

"Oh, my dear, these won't. The Clendennins aren't made for tissue paper and cream drops. Thy grand-father was burned out of house and home for daring to say a black man had rights; but he continued to say it louder and louder."

"But Aunt Jane, the world is so fierce now. People used to live their little lives; but now society is bubbling and boiling and seething over questions nobody can answer, though everybody is trying to."

The bubbling and boiling began in a little town in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and it's spreading—that's all, my dear," was the reply.

"Well, I wish I'd lived before the spreading began, when Julius Caesar did, for instance. How delightful to sit on the best seat in a circus, and just for the whim of the moment, make or mar a life by a turn of one's thumb—no conscience then to bother anybody. I've tried skimming over life till I felt I was dancing on graves, and I've tried diving into it till my hair is gray at twenty-five, over other people's woes. This very afternoon I've been perched for two hours on a hard wooden settee, to hear Mrs. Lydia Mary Fots tell me all the horrors of underpaid buttonholes and overpaid landlords, of damp, shivery cellars, and stifling, stuffy garrets, till I feel like a voracious criminal in having a third-story room and a bed to myself."

A look of sympathy crept into the face under the plain Quaker cap. Maria quietly set the raisins aside, pushed a stool towards her aunt, and sat down.

"It is too dark to see the seeds, auntie, and besides I need the whole of you now." "This winter," she added, shyly, "I've been trying to brighten my little corner of the whole, and Mrs. Lydia Mary tells me from the platform that I'm paperizing the masses. As I was working on it every day these fifty years past, and there's always been a next, and there always will be, thank God."—N. Y. Post.

PETTY PILFERING CEASED.
Proprietor Doctor's Name, Languages and Left Them on His Desk.

He was in the habit of keeping odd coins, change, and things of that sort lying around his office desk, and the clerks, messengers and office boys were in the habit of helping themselves without so much as asking the privilege. It was sometimes before he took any official notice of it. But of late he could scarcely turn around before every-thing was gone. When this freedom finally extended to the disappearance of little boxes of bon-bons purchased for his wife he began to inquire into it.

"It's that boy," suggested the clerk. "Indeed, I never tell 'em," said the boy. "Everybody what comes along bites into everything."

The next day the proprietor brought home a selected package of bon-bons and went out to lunch, leaving a box half full on his desk in plain sight. About an hour after his return to the office one of the clerks in the next room came in and asked to be excused for the rest of the day on account of illness. As soon as the man had gone an investigation was made, and the fact that all had disappeared. He rang his bell and the office boy appeared, pale and trembling.

"Look here, Billy," says he, "I left some lozenges on my desk at noon—I hope you—"

"No, sir, I didn't see 'em."

"I'm glad of that," said the employer. "Of course, you wouldn't have touched them. I was afraid that you might have done so. Not that they were of any value particularly, but because they were fixed up for cat medicine. You see—"

But Billy suddenly bolted for the door. His ceremonious exit was immediately followed by the entrance of another clerk. He was accompanied by a man friend, and both looked highly embarrassed and uneasy. Billy had rushed in upon them and told them in an awful whisper that they had all been poisoned. They manfully faced the music.

"I—we—that is—"

"Ah, I see!" interrupted the boss. "You, too, have been eating my cat medicine!" He tried to look serious, but he is not a serious nature, and he laughed instead. The young men began to brace up.

"Then they ain't—were not poisoned?" Billy says they were fixed for rats, sir. I know we oughtn't to have eaten them, but—"

"Oh, they were not exactly poisoned, but—lets see (taking out his watch)—if you'll go down to the corner drug store and take an emetic you'll be all right in a short time."

Both young men disappeared in a twinkling, and the laughing old practical joker leaned back in his chair and lighted a fresh cigar. "It is well enough not to let them off to easily," he soliloquized. "They'd have gotten over it in about another minute. There are a lot of petty pilferings around that office. But then that office boy has never come back."

trying in one way and another to lift that awful incubus, the masses. The committees and subcommittees and auxiliaries make me think of those jelly-like polyps floating about in warm salt seas. A bit breaks off here, there and on every side, and away they go, brand-new independent creatures, ready to divide up into hundreds more. I'm so tied up with red tape I haven't a button on a Dorcas petticoat without consulting a chairman. I'm just discouraged; there's such a mountain and my pickaxe is so small."

Aunt Jane was very quiet. The room was still. A lump of coal settled in the grate. The clock ticked loudly on the mantel. A pinkish glow spread over the snow in the winter sunning light. The peace of it all was stealing into the troubled heart, the heart of a true woman feeling her way.

At length Aunt Jane spoke.

"When I was a girl," she said, "leagues and women's clubs weren't the fashion. Women were wives and mothers and sisters then; now they are presidents and secretaries and delegates. However, the temperance movement made a great stir and I was caught in the swirl. Being of the society of Friends, I was used to women speaking, when moved to it by the Spirit, but all the machinery—the bylaws, the parliamentary terms of our temperance society—was new to me and most fascinating."

"The knows Cousin Sarah Grant, Maria?" she thought her very old-fashioned and narrow-minded because she took no active part in our society. Four boys she had then in roundabouts, and she thought her temperance work was there. Solid, fine men they are, as these knows, and all total abstinence."

Well, it was a bitter cold day. All the morning I had kept close to the fire, writing a long paper for our next meeting. It was full of statistics and long words, and was calculated to tell the society a great deal they already knew. I just tingled to talk it all over and show my public spirit in contrast to Sarah's lack of enthusiasm. So I took my way over the snowbanks to her house. In those days on Saturday morning tea might look for a lady in her kitchen, and sure enough I found her there making coffee by the gallon. The horse-car rattled past her door every ten minutes, and as each one rounded the corner out ran little Jim Riley with a can of hot coffee. "Those poor drivers," she said, "ought to have something hot in such stinging cold weather, else they'd slip into the rum-holes." I said not a word. Somehow my statistical paper didn't seem so all-important. I went home and it shivered into a black circle in the grate fire.

Oh, Aunt Jane, I'm so glad you did something silly. I only wish I could wipe out my mistakes as easily. But I must do something to straighten this crooked world, or simply loathe Maria Clendennin."

"Keep at it, child. Keep at it till this die, and after, if the Lord so will. But don't peer at thy work through a telescope, and don't spread thyself out too thin. Clouds of steam puffing from the locomotive look very pretty, but the work is done down below with the pressure on one point. And, dearie, don't they worry thy dear head about the masses. They are God's masses, after all, and He'll do His part. Thy tongue is to be kept in the part of mass assunder into atoms, and put thyself, thy whole self, into the atoms where they touch thee. That work, begun, never stops. Loosen the red tape a bit where it ties thee down, and take up for a motto the brave old English words: 'Do the next thing.' I've been working on it every day these fifty years past, and there's always been a next, and there always will be, thank God."—N. Y. Post.

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Accept the truth and be well.

ACQUIRED EXPRESSION.

Facial Peculiarities Which Come Through Habit.

Distinctive Types That Are Found in Certain Callings—The Queer Effects of Occupation One's Upon the Features.

The incessant flow of involuntary nerve currents to the facial muscles doubtless accounts for the odd similarity of expression among men of the same vocation. In many such cases, says Blackwood's Magazine, the conditions are so complex that it seems impossible to lay one's finger upon the special items of environment which conduce to the facial characteristics exhibited by nearly all members of certain trades and professions. What, for instance, is there about the process of unking shoes which evokes the unmistakable cobbler's visage? The portrait of Edward, the Banff naturalist, in Mr. Smiles' book, shows the type in a marked degree. As far as my observation carries me, the cause must be looked for in the last, the pestle and waxed of old-fashioned cordwainery; since men who work the machines in modern shoe factories, or who do ordinary repairing, do not exhibit the expression. It appears probable that the tailor's distinctive type of face may have been partially created by his habit of working his jaws concomitantly with his shears. Let anyone cut a person cutting a piece of tough material with scissors, and he will see that the lower part of the face wags in rhythmic and spontaneous union with the blades. Shepherds and farm laborers who join sheep-shearing gangs certainly acquire a different expression while engaged in that kind of work. The cast of countenance, by which one so easily recognizes a groom is partially explicable from the fact that the muscles which close the jaws and compress the lips are always called into play when we are asserting our will over that of a horse. Nearly all jockeys and horsemen have a peculiar cast of the mouth and chin, but I have been unable to distinguish any special characteristic about the eye or upper part of the face. It is instructive to compare the visage of the ruler of horses with that of the ruler of men. The horseman's face shows command in the mouth, the drill sergeant's in the mouth and the eye. The post is undoubtedly the most effective instrument in exacting obedience from our own species. We get a hint of that cause of w. t. of dignity, that element of coarseness, which is discernable in the countenances of some men and women who have much to do with horses. The higher and nobler method of expressing authority is outweighed by the lower and more animal one. Generally speaking, it is a strenuous contest with minor difficulties which produce a thin and rigid set of lips. It is almost invariably in housewives of the Martha type, who are "careful and troubled about many things," and whose souls are shaken to the center by petty worries within doors, and the strife a outrance with shortcomings of the scullery maid or the cook.

The compressed lip so loved and so often misinterpreted by novelists is a sign of weakness rather than strength. It tells of perpetual conflicts in which the reserves are called into the fray. The strong will is not so agitated, and no strenuous action by the small worries of the hour, and the great occasions which call for its whole forces are too few to produce a permanent impress of this kind upon the features. The commanding officer, assured of his men's obedience, does not habitually keep his lip muscles in a state of tension. Look at the sea captain, the most absolute monarch on the earth. He carries authority and power in his face, but it resides in his eye and the confident assurance of his easily set mouth. Every spar and shaft and muscle in his floating realm must obey him, and he knows it. This is probably a reason why the sea captain and the engine drivers show a certain similarity of type. The engine driver can make his captive giant, strong as ten thousand men, obey the pressure of his finger. His lips are usually calm, like those of the statues of the wielder of thunderbolts on Olympus. Who ever saw a man commanding a man-of-war or driving a locomotive with the contentious lip of the school usher? The typical expressions of the members of those three liberal professions which Sir Thomas Browne says are all founded upon the fall of Adam are well enough recognized to have been long the prey of the caricaturist. The several distinct traits on each and the possible causes which give rise to them, are too complex to be dealt with in a single article. Speaking very generally, the cleric's face is indicative of authority of the thin-lipped kind, and of a dignified sense of the sanctity of his office. The doctor's jaw and mouth are less rigid, yet tell of decision. His eye is vigilant and sympathetic, and his whole facial aspect conveys the idea of a fund of untapped wisdom. The lawyer's countenance is confident and confidential, with a pouncing alertness of the eye, and a prevailing expression of weighty perspicacity.

Young Girls Suffer
From the same causes which make so many women miserable. This being the case, what is your duty, most loving mother? You know that irregularity, suspension, or retention, severe headaches, waxy complexion, depression, loss of appetite and interest means trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be given at once.



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the Use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For five years, I was a great sufferer from a most persistent blood disease, none of the various medicines I took being of any help whatever. Hoping that change of climate would benefit me, I went to Cuba, to Florida, and then to Saratoga Springs, where I remained some time drinking the waters. But all was no use. At last, being advised by several friends to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I began taking it, and very soon favorable results were manifest. To-day I consider myself a perfectly healthy man, with a good appetite and not the least trace of my former complaint. To all my friends, and especially young men like myself, I recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla, if in need of a perfectly reliable blood-purifier."—JOS. A. ESCOBAR, proprietor Hotel Victoria, Key West, Fla.; residence, 352 W. 18th St., New York.

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Job lot just secured
Usual price, 25 to 35c.
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In Children or Adults. The safest and most effective remedy made in
TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR
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WE GUARANTEE
That one tablespoonful of
BOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM
will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or ointment ever made, and at the same time the cheapest (as well as safest and most) external application known for man or beast.

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Maine Farmer are sold by
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Items of General News.

The garment workers of Boston are on a strike.

The Hastings free public library in North Brookfield, Mass., was dedicated Wednesday afternoon.

Hodgkins, the operator at the west portal of the Hoosac tunnel, was on Monday held for the grand jury for manslaughter under \$3000 bonds.

Ex-Vice President, Levi P. Morton, has been nominated by the republicans of New York State as their candidate for Governor.

Schooner Maggie McKenzie that sailed last March for Iceland, arrived at Gloucester, Mass., Thursday, bringing the large fare of 250,000 pounds of fished haddock.

The United Italian Societies of New York turned out in a parade, Thursday, to commemorate the entrance of the Italian army into Rome on September 20, 1870.

More than two inches of rain fell throughout Windham county, Vermont, two days last week, replenishing the springs and streams and dispelling all apprehensions of a winter water famine.

The son of Col. Breckinridge of Kentucky, exasperated by his father's defeat, on Thursday stabbed James D. Livingston, at Lexington, inflicting a serious wound. The man assaulted was unharmed.

Steamer City of Rio Janeiro, arrived, at San Francisco, Monday, and brings news of a destructive storm in the Akita and Iwate prefectures of Japan, August 25 and 26, followed by great floods. Over 3000 people were drowned and more than 15,000 houses destroyed.

There was a great demonstration on Sunday to Prince Bismarck, on his arrival in Varsin, Germany. He received the Prussian delegates, and the German announced the Poles and their plan for a great Polish Empire. He characterized the scheme as "an Utopian dream."

Sixteen men were standing near the boiler Thursday, in Frank Carver's saw mill in Pine Bluff, Ark., when the boiler exploded, Wm. W. colored, and an unknown man were killed. Five or more men were fatally and all the rest badly injured. The mill was destroyed. Loss \$10,000.

Lexington Hotel, at Michigan Boulevard and Twenty-second street, Chicago, was destroyed by fire, at 11:00 P.M., on Friday at a delinquent tax sale by the treasurer of the county for \$6,410.75. The Lexington was built in 1892 and was opened just before the World's Fair. During the month of the fair it had many notable people as its guests.

There was great excitement at the Columbus, O., driving park, Thursday, when pacer Hal Dillard struck a 2.01 gait. On the third quarter the horse faced a stiff breeze that seemed to stop him, the time for the mile being 2:03.4. The first quarter was made in 29.3, and the half in 1:01.3, quarter of a second faster than when Robert J. set the record of 2:01.3.

A hypnotic seance given, the other evening in the house of a wealthy landowner named Salomon at Nyirgyghaza, Hungary, had a fatal result. The landowner's daughter Ella was one of the subjects experimented upon. While she was in the hypnotic state the hypnotizer, a man named Nankov, told her that she was afflicted with consumption. The girl shrieked and immediately fell dead.

The annual meeting of the New York and New Jersey Bridge Co. was held Thursday. The directors adopted a report in favor of constructing a cantilever bridge with a 2,000 foot span as recommended by the company's engineer. The cost of such a bridge is estimated at \$22,000,000, and it is claimed that it will last for four years.

A Mrs. Haley and family of six children, accompanied by Mr. Collins and Mr. Ruby, all of whom started from Minneapolis for Canada three weeks ago, were suddenly lost in the forest fire. They left in a farmer's wagon, and it was possible for them to reach the vicinity of Hinchley in the time which intervened from their departure from Minneapolis and the fatal Saturday night. No tidings have been received from them since their departure.

Fire on Thursday destroyed the barn of Harvard Shakers of Ayer, Mass., one of the largest in the State. It contained 125 tons of hay, 450 bushels of potatoes, and a large quantity of ensilage. A cider mill containing 25 barrels of cider, and an ice house, partly full, were destroyed. Total loss is over \$10,000, with no insurance in regular companies, the Shakers having insurance companies and their own which the property is insured for \$2000.

Sewell L. Wilson of Cambridge, Mass., who was to have been married Wednesday night, shot and killed himself that morning at his home in Cambridge. He was 35 years of age and a bookkeeper. No motive can be ascribed for the deed except temporary insanity. The young woman whom he was to have married lives in Brookline. Her sister, who is sick, had a dream while the fever was at its height that Wilson had committed suicide and has since been raving over it. Wilson was a quiet fellow and seldom spoke.

EDITOR'S TABLE.
The complete novel in the October number of Lippincott's is "A Question of Courage," by Francis Lynde. It deals with the question of the North and the question of the South, and is a story of the hero's own satisfaction and that of the heroine.

"Code of Fire" is a military tale by Lord Armstrong, who here shows himself no unworthy follower of Captain King. "At the Little Red House," by Kate Jordan, has a railway station. Margaret Langdon writes a "Tale of Trade," "An Honor before Death" is a brief yet extremely strong and pathetic chapter by Elizabeth Knowlton Carter.

Gertrude Atherton, in "Famous Rivalries of Women," recalls many moving tales of the past. George J. Varney traces the progress of "Telegraphy up to date," and David Graham Ade identifies "The Ballad of the Drum," which has been handed down for the longest of the Cincinnati, shortly before his death. Saburo Araki speaks with authority of "Japanese and Chinese Porcelains and their imitations."

The sentiment and the philosophy alike of "The October Woods" are given by James Knapp Reeve. In "The Sub," Kate Miller Rabb shows that essay writing is not yet a lost art. Felix L. Oswald supplies another good essay on "Localized Virtue." "A Garden Quest" is a specimen of Harrison S. Morris' forthcoming book of verse.

The special features of Harper's Magazine for September are: Riding to Hounds in England, by Caspar W. Whitney (eighteen pictures). Where Time has Slumbered, by Julian Ralph (ten pictures). The Origin of a Great Poem, by John White Chadwick (with portraits of Bryant). The Golden House, by Caspar W. Whitney (eighteen pictures). Short Stories, by Owen Wister, W. E. Norris and Mary E. Wilkins.

The business men of Bangor have just dedicated their new Board of Trade rooms.

The Markets.

REPORT OF WATERBURY AND BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Special Report for the Maine Farmer
LIVE STOCK YARDS, Sept. 25, 1894.

Maine Drivers.

At Brighton.

D. W. Bragdon, 67 18 33 106 48
W. H. Hall, 25 8 33 106 48
Thompson & Hanson, 47 8 33 106 48
D. H. Holt, 25 8 33 106 48
J. G. Yeaton, 16 20 17 12 8
W. H. Son, 13 7
F. E. Newcomb, 23 5 14
F. H. Chapman, 23 5 14
D. H. G. Rogers, 11 6 35 26 20

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERBURY AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 5177; sheep, 13,002; hogs, 35,320; calves, 1500; horses, 795.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 151; sheep, 106; hogs, 274; calves, 170; horses, 155.

CATTLE EXPORTS FOR OLD ENGLAND.

They go freely from the port of Boston, there being four lines of steamers.

THE CALF MARKET.

They go freely from the port of Boston, there being four lines of steamers.

THE CATTLE MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

THE HORSE MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

THE PIG MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

THE CHICKEN MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

THE TURKEY MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

THE DUCK MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

THE GOOSE MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

THE QUACK MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

THE WORM MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

THE TICKET MARKET.

The general ruling of prices on live stock has not materially changed on any kind excepting hogs, which considering the large supplies for a number of weeks could not help ruling easier.

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Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 26.

APPLES—Choice per bbl., \$1.50; 1st quality, \$1.40; 2nd quality, \$1.30; 3rd quality, \$1.20; 4th quality, \$1.10; 5th quality, \$1.00; 6th quality, \$0.90; 7th quality, \$0.80; 8th quality, \$0.70; 9th quality, \$0.60; 10th quality, \$0.50.

BUTTER—Choice per lb., \$0.25; 1st quality, \$0.24; 2nd quality, \$0.23; 3rd quality, \$0.22; 4th quality, \$0.21; 5th quality, \$0.20; 6th quality, \$0.19; 7th quality, \$0.18; 8th quality, \$0.17; 9th quality, \$0.16; 10th quality, \$0.15.

CHEESE—Milk per lb., \$0.15; 1st quality, \$0.14; 2nd quality, \$0.13; 3rd quality, \$0.12; 4th quality, \$0.11; 5th quality, \$0.10; 6th quality, \$0.09; 7th quality, \$0.08; 8th quality, \$0.07; 9th quality, \$0.06; 10th quality, \$0.05.

FISH—Cod, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

GRAIN—Wheat, \$1.00; 1st quality, \$0.99; 2nd quality, \$0.98; 3rd quality, \$0.97; 4th quality, \$0.96; 5th quality, \$0.95; 6th quality, \$0.94; 7th quality, \$0.93; 8th quality, \$0.92; 9th quality, \$0.91; 10th quality, \$0.90.

MEAL—Wheat, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

POULTRY—Chicken, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

FRUIT—Apples, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

EGGS—Fresh, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

MEAT—Beef, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

BAKING—Flour, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

DRUGS—Opium, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

SPICES—Pepper, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

TEA—Black, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

COFFEE—Arabica, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

CHOCOLATE—Milk, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

ICE—Natural, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

WATER—Pure, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

AUGUSTA CITY MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 26.

APPLES—Choice per bbl., \$1.50; 1st quality, \$1.40; 2nd quality, \$1.30; 3rd quality, \$1.20; 4th quality, \$1.10; 5th quality, \$1.00; 6th quality, \$0.90; 7th quality, \$0.80; 8th quality, \$0.70; 9th quality, \$0.60; 10th quality, \$0.50.

BUTTER—Choice per lb., \$0.25; 1st quality, \$0.24; 2nd quality, \$0.23; 3rd quality, \$0.22; 4th quality, \$0.21; 5th quality, \$0.20; 6th quality, \$0.19; 7th quality, \$0.18; 8th quality, \$0.17; 9th quality, \$0.16; 10th quality, \$0.15.

CHEESE—Milk per lb., \$0.15; 1st quality, \$0.14; 2nd quality, \$0.13; 3rd quality, \$0.12; 4th quality, \$0.11; 5th quality, \$0.10; 6th quality, \$0.09; 7th quality, \$0.08; 8th quality, \$0.07; 9th quality, \$0.06; 10th quality, \$0.05.

FISH—Cod, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

GRAIN—Wheat, \$1.00; 1st quality, \$0.99; 2nd quality, \$0.98; 3rd quality, \$0.97; 4th quality, \$0.96; 5th quality, \$0.95; 6th quality, \$0.94; 7th quality, \$0.93; 8th quality, \$0.92; 9th quality, \$0.91; 10th quality, \$0.90.

MEAL—Wheat, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

POULTRY—Chicken, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

FRUIT—Apples, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

EGGS—Fresh, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

MEAT—Beef, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

BAKING—Flour, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

DRUGS—Opium, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

SPICES—Pepper, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

TEA—Black, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

COFFEE—Arabica, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

CHOCOLATE—Milk, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

ICE—Natural, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.

WATER—Pure, \$0.10; 1st quality, \$0.09; 2nd quality, \$0.08; 3rd quality, \$0.07; 4th quality, \$0.06; 5th quality, \$0.05; 6th quality, \$0.04; 7th quality, \$0.03; 8th quality, \$0.02; 9th quality, \$0.01; 10th quality, \$0.00.</